WINTER LIFE IN PAU.

Our American Colony at the Foot of the Pyrenees.

ITS INTERESTS AND AMUSEMENTS.

How Our American Sportsmen Go Over the Country.

SOMETIMES OVER THEIR HORSES' HEADS.

Thomas Burgess, W. P. Donglas, Daniel Torrance and Other Famous Riders.

GEN. GRANT AT THE MEET AND FINISH.

Pau, Dec. 12, 1878. Pau, so far as the weather is concerned, is not to be trusted. This morning there was a burst of sun-shine, and a walk to the environs was inviting. The snow had fallen during the night-just enough to be tantalizing, not enough for enjoyment and too much for comfort, which is about the way you generally snow in this latitude. But the sun gave promise of open fields, with possibilities for the behaved itself in a weather way so badly when General Grant came that all who cared for the good name of the old town of Henry of Navarre rejoiced in the sun. But the rejoicing was temporary, for almost before the morning shadows had thrown themselves the peaks black, heavy clouds came up from the sea. The snow came in feathery flakes and a strong wind blow it again your window pane, and soon the mountains were hidden under a fleecy canopy, and the green hillsides became brown and gray, and the sparkling waters of the Gave were confused and blended with the falling snow. There was no refuge but what one would find at home on a bleak December day-a fire, a cigar and a novel, or the writing of letters. As you looked down on the terrace an occasional phantom glided along, and you knew by the stride-the lung ing, tramping stride-that some of our English friends were off for a jaunt through the valley, eager for the air and caring nothing for the snow or the rain. But capricious is Pau! For as you study the the storm-and there are few forms of natural beauty better worth studying-you look out over the hills and pale rifts of light appear, and black clouds become pearl, and roll and melt and break and became blue Then you know that the sun asserts its power, for the skies come out clear and bright, the snow vanishes and the sunshine pours over the valley, and the Pyrenecan summits once more mass themselves against the horizon, brighter and more radiant because of the snow that has fallen and the sun that has come to irradiate the

What you have of winter here comes in whiffs and gusts, and while an hour ago the day scemed doomed to correspondence now there is a possibility that the hounds will meet. I take counsel on this subject from a Swiss serving man who answers my bell and has humble functions in the hotel, and who has so much intelligence that I think he must be an eminent Swiss citizen in disguise studying the institutions of the country, or, perhaps. a member of the International Society warring upon kings. My Swiss friend informs me that the hounds will meet even as reported; that there is no doubt about it now, as he had private information from one of the attendants at the hunt. He says there is no trouble about finding a fox, because they always carry one along in a bag. He thinks it a droll business carrying a fox in a bag, and then galloping over ditches to find it, when it was so easy to keep it in the bag. But these Englishmen are so droll, and the townspeople have voted 10,000 francs to help find the fox when he escapes out of the bag. The question of sport does not enter into his mind, and I half believe that the only reason François can find for hupting is that the English milords may show their scarlet uniforms, which must be a badge of rank at

BUNTING IN THE PYRENEES. It is well understood that English civilization imperfect without hounds. So when the English invaded Pau and planted a colony the hounds were a necessary sequence. The country is favorable hunting: there are pleasant stretches across the valley, with ditches and fences. I suppose there are foxes enough, if huntsmen really wanted to find them in cover as they do in England, but this would be subject to many inconveniences. In England hunting is a national amusement, and all classe secept it, and for generations hunting men have they could. They were always at home. But in France it is a foreign amusement, and is well enough around Pau, where the people understand it, and the keen Bearnaise accepts it because it keeps Englishmen and Americans in Pau and brings din money. But if a hunting party were roam over the country as in the shires the peasants would be apt to regard it as an invasion, and the genmen in pink and scarlet as Communists or Spaniards come to ravage their fields. The hunt, there fore, is always a bag hunt. A half hour before th time a fox is carried in a bag over a route laid down by the Master of the Hounds and set free at a given point. This gives the fox time to hide or to make fo spain or return to Pau if so minded. It enables the Master of the Hounds to select a route that will be are sensitive about having growing fields ridden over. He can make the hunt a long one or a short one, as he the weather is capricious. Even when there is frost on the ground, unless the frost is hard and binding. which does not often happen at Pau, a fair hunt may

be assured. PAU AS AN ENGLISH COLONY. . Pau is so much an English colony that for hunting has become an institution. Our beloved cousins wander over the world and seek out congenial placesair and scenery and sea. They bring their comforts with them, and you mark the site of an English camping ground as readily as the site of a camp on one of our prairies. Tes, pale ale Tanchuits' translations, Cheshire cheese, bacon, hounds and torses-with some corner where you can worship according to the Established Church. The she men adapt themselves to their invaders. As you wander about Pau, and look in at the windows, you see all kinds of traps baited with English "novelties." A blazing handbill tells you that the last London paper has arrived with Beaconsfield's speech and a full report of the latest "mystery," tell you that "English is spoken" within, although the quality of English is not specified. Woollen goods abound, the Pau shopmen believing that Engish comfort demands a large amount of wool, National vanity is flattered by the names of the gioves and hosiery, being named "The Prince of Wales." While these comforts are spread out by the shopmen the colonist must bring his amusements and his religion. If the colonist is a Catholic Pan will be especially attractive. It seems, so far as I can learn, that the Virgin has a fancy for coming down to the Pyrenees. Her last appearance was at Lourdes, only forty minutes off. But I find that the has many traditions of such appearances at various points in this glorious mountain range. There are no amusements in France except sitting at a cafe, playing dominoes and talking politics. Then the Englishman is a home-loving, gregarious being. He cannot snjey his dinner unless he can have a friend to whom be can talk about it; how he enjoyed it, how he finds his digestion, and how strange it is that no one can cost, and everybody seems pleased to welcome his the Fifty-ninth street and Third avenue pook a mutton chop on this side of the Channel, and frank, open (see. His lordship looks at the sky and was removed to the Roosevelt Hospital.

although this is the land of the vine all wine is beastly compared with what you drink in England.

RIVALBERS AMONG COLONIES.
So you have racing in Pau, and laws tennis and riding with hounds. Pigeon shooting has fluttered ever to Nice, which is a more flashy place than Pau. Your true Englishman is so fond of taking sides that the colonists have rivalries. A Nice colonist will tell you that Pau is an old-fashioned hundrum place frequented by old women and Puseyites, and half-pay officers, where people play crib-, and smoke pipes, and go to bed at o'clock, and read through the debates in the Times, and never retire without bathing their feet in ustard and water. The Pau colonist will tell you that Nice is a caddish hole, that most of the residents have been blackballed at their club for cheating at cards and had to leave home, that the only amuse-ment is gambling and that no person who was any one at home or valued his good name would be seen in such a place—that it is the Gremorne Garden of Europe, all frivolity and dissipation. The fact that there is a Pau hunt—that real hounds come here and run after real foxes-gives Pau a prestige, for hunting is the amusement of the English gentleman, of the typical John Bull who believes in Church and Oneen. It has its literature and its laws and its antiquity, without which in England nothing can be respectable. A man who can ride well to hounds is something like the person of bad name who always touched his hat when he passed a church, and who, according to Dr. Johnson, was surely a man of good principles. When Kinglake sums up all the damnatory points in the career of Louis Napoleon he sees a redeeming point in the fact that he rode fairly to hounds. I suppose nothing illustrates the passion more than the trait which Fielding ascribes to Squire Western, who, when in hot pursuit of his daughter, could not resist the cry of the pass ing hounds, but joined in the hunt and came in at

THE PAU BUNT. The Pau hunt is under the mastership of the Earl of Howth This centleman comes to Pau for reasons of health, and has taken the mastership, to the grea satisfaction of all the residents. Lord Howth has presented two packs of hounds to the hunt, and gives presence in Pau of so distinguished a nobleman, famous for his intelligent interest in manly sports. has added greatly to the value of the There are several Americans who have given their adhesion to the hunt, and who are giving America an enviable tame as a country of hard and good horsemen. Thomas Burgess, of Boston, is bold rider. Mr. Burgess thinks of taking a hunting seat in Leicestershire next winter. Daniel Torrance, of New York, is always seen in scarlet, and generally among the first at the death. Dr. Parks, of Boston s among the enthusiastic lovers of the hunt. The Doctor was the companion of General Grant on his day's ride to see the hounds. William one of the most fearless and enthusiastic of sports men-first in every movement to advance manly Mr. Douglas is not a member of the hunt, he has been out with the hounds at every meet. One day he managed to have two falls in a single run, and was fortunate enough to be in at the death. He leaves Pau for a short visit to Leicestershire, when he will, we hope, have some good sport in the shires. PAU AS A HUNTING COUNTRY.

What makes Pau difficult as a hunting place is that it is, to use an English phrase, a "blind country." The agricultural necessities are so various and min ute that no one can tell when he takes to the fields where or when he may strike a ditch. There are in numerable obstacles, severe obstacles for the hunter-a great deal of bank jumping. The checaux de pays are skilled in this, and they frequently have incidents of an amusing, but, I am glad to say, not as yet of a serious kind. Sometimes a half-dozen rider-less horses will be seen careering on their own hook. The best horses for hunting, and especially for such country as Pau, are the Irish hunters, as there is bank hunting in Ireland as here. The coming of General frant to Pau was welcomed by the hunt, and a meet was arranged to dee him nonor. A good deal had been heard of the General's horsemanship and people were curious to see show he would follow the hounds. A severe treat prevented the meeting and the General missed what would have been the most brilliant turnout of the season. He attended one hunt, however—the one that took place the day of his arrival, and after witnessing the start rode around to the finish. As the route had been made by a bag, there was no trouble in being in at the death. The General had never taken part in a hunt-had, I be lieve, never seen one. In his earlier days hunting was not the fashion at home. He was amused and interested. One of his friends asked him how he would like a ride across the country. "Well," he said, "I would not care to jump all those ditches and fences, but I suppose if I was in was younger I used to go out of my way for the pur pose of finding a bit of a wall or fence, merely for the pleasure of jumping it. I do not know how it would e now, crossing the country. I suppose I would go with the rest." He was interested in the intelligence shown by the horses, who before leaping a fener would look over and see what was beyond. I think the General would have imitated Squire Western and followed the cry had he been well mounted. As it was he rode to the finish. The finish was an easy one, as the fox, when freed from his bag, instead o making tracks for the Pyrenees, as it would have have wise for him to have done, quietly slipped into a hole and waited for the bounds to drag him out. I suppose the animal had become disheartened with his bag freatment, and, not knowing the country, preferred to meet his fate in the fields rather than incur one equally as terrible in the hills,

A MEET ON A PROSTY DAY. in Pau, but the meeting at Morles was worth seeing The hour for the hunt was noon, but afterward changed to one o'clock, so as to allow the sup full play upon the frosty ground. In the morning, as I walked around the castle, the ground was hard and resonant. I took counsel with my Swiss menter Would there be a hunt or not?" I found that my friend had great confidence in Lord Howth, and if his Lordship had fixed on a hunt, it was pretty sure to come off. Then he had private information. It is due to my Swiss friend to say that his ideas of fox hunting were hazy, and that he believed that most Englishmen carried foxes with them as part of their retinue, and that all that his Lordship had to de, in an emergency, was to hand a fox out of his saddle bars and throw it among the hounds. At noon we started for the meet. It was very cold, and a keer windcame down from the Pyrenees. On our way out the question always was, "Would there be a hunt?" The attendance was quite large, but not so large as it would have been had the ground been free from frost. The colony, American and English, was well represented, and it seemed as if the meet was composed of Savons, as all spoke English. A carriage, containing four French army officers, was among the first to come; but the officers took no part. The meet was about four miles from Pau, under an avenue of overhanging trees, forming a Gothic arch over our heads There were carriages, coupes—groups constantly arriving and forming—ladies in riding habit, with their full, clear, bonny English faces reddening it the cold, keen air; gentlemen of the hunt in scarlet, and gentlemen guests of the hunt in brown Metton. The question whether the hounds will go is debated in cheery fashion as we walk up and down the road and look out over the low, rough fields, tipped with tutts of snow. The air is clear, as you can note by following the honeycomb ridges of the mountains and tracing the varying forms of the rocks. Now the excitement increases as we hear the baying of the dogs, and in a few moments two scarlet decked huntsmen come riding, surrounded by the hounds. One of the huntsmen rides ahead to lead the way and another remains in the rear to watch for straggling bounds and see that no Towser or Ponto goes off on a little fox catching or sheep stealing expedition of his own. The hounds are eager for the start and snift every token of animal life, an uneasy, restless, moving mass, held under complete control by the huntsman who addresses them in a dialect of his own, which I could not understand. But it was effective, and as he was always addressing them I suppose he found it necessary to preserve discipline

OFF AND AWAY. Loci Howth rides up in a canter, wearing a scarlet

over a ditch into a ploughed field, he is followed by the hounds and two or three of the huntsmen, who ride about and study the ground in a deprecating way, while the dogs run hither and thither, sniffing at every twig and stone, eager to be away, and the huntsman always calling and commanding, just as if he were John Kelly addressing a Tammany con vention. In the meantime we gather on the road and watch the sky and ground. Some of our party are well mounted, and their horses, trained to the chase, are impatient for the horn. Do you rememthe other day in a hunting field, describes a good

A head like a snake and a skin like a mouse; An eye like a woman's—bright, gentle and brown With loins and a back that would carry a house, And quarters to lift him smack over a town.

Where the country is deepest, I give you my word,
"Tis a pride and a pleasure to put him along;
O'er fallow and pasture he sweeps like a bird,
And there's nothing too high, nor too wide, nor to
strong.

We do not wait long, for in a few minutes Lord Howth returns, riding rapidly over the field, crosses the road and enters another field. In a moment the unds are after him, the scent is found, and with tails in air, noses on the ground, every nerve attuned, panting, straining, eager, the whole pack is away. Huntsmen brace themselves in their saddles and are off. Over a ditch into a rough field. hounds straining and eager-every pressing to the front. Over a hedge covered by shrubbery. The hounds dart as it were like arrows out of a bow and the horsemen after. Some look about for an easy place, a gap or a gate, but the most of them go plunging straight after the hounds. His Lordship well to the front. One horse misses his footing, throws his rider and makes down the road for his stable, having no interest in the hounds. Happily the rider-a lady-is not injured. The horse is caught and she returns to the chase. Now let our friends get to the front as well as they can-the front is a half mile away, the hounds in full cry. Hunting is like human life and has a great deal of human nature in it. Some tumble, some fall in a ditch, some are thrown-the hunt seeps on, for the race must be run and the goal must be won, and if we fall or are passed it is destiny.

IN FULL CRY. Away over field and slope, over ground torn by the plough, over ditches, over pasture lands where homely cattle are feeding and wondering what means this rude invasion: past cottages, all the household assembled, the men wearing their blue Basque bon nets, something like what you see worn in Scotland, traversing stony highways: again over ditches, into a morass, in which we plunge and flounder and rush out as best we can. How keen the air and how much better this joyous communion with nature than cot toned away in the close nursery of civilization, every faculty alive and bracing and the spirit or emulation in every breast! Who shall be first? Which us will jump the most fences? shall carry off the brush? How like the great hunt in which we are all engaged, and which we call existence! And what wins in the world wins in the hunting field-nerve, coolness, resolution, hon-est, steady riding to the goal, turning neither to the right nor to the left, but following the path of duty wherever it leads, whether into smooth ways or rough fields or over venturesome walls.

A SHORT HUNT.

Well, we ride three-quarters of an hour, perhaps an nour, and the cry ahead tells us that the hunt is over Reynard did not take to the hills when his chance was given him, but sought a covert, away from the cold, perhaps, not dreaming that his freedom was really his doom, and the hounds have found him. And all that remains of poor Reyis his brush, which Lord Howth pre sents to the English lady who was in at the death, and we all straggle home. The hunt has not been a long one, but, considering that we expected none at all, everybody feels an agreeable disappoint ment and we come back into the town feeling that the day has not been altogether an idle one.

PAU AS A WINTER HOME. The advantages of Pau, as far as I can sum then ip, are the air and the scenery. You are in the centre of a beautiful region, and if your eye craves beauty here it will always be satisfied. To men of science there is an endless field of study in the geology of the Pyrenees. Invalids are within an easy range of famous baths and springs. You can run down to Biarritz in three hours and bathe in the sea. If you like walking, the roads are fine and there is unvary ing interest in the scenery, the manners and customs of the people. If you are adventurous you may climb Baiaturs and see one side the sunny plains of France, on the other the stripped and desolate hills of Arragon. If you are devout and believe in manifestations of holy presences on earth you are within an hour of the most famous sanctuary in the world, even the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes. In winter the weather is, as a general thing, dry, and the sun is sure to be about s part of the day. Medical men speak highly of Pau, but that evidence you must take with all caution, as medical men speak highly of every place I have ever known, except the Jersey flats. Still there is a good deal of sound evidence in favor of Pau. The soil is gravelly and absorbs rain. The air is influenced by the Pyrenees, by the sea breezes, by the odors of the pine forests that cover the Landes. It is a dry air, and you are told that for weeks the leaves are motionless, so still is the atmosphere.

RESIDENTS IN PAU. In the way of society and amusements you can orm your own conclusions from what I have written, The hunt is an institution. An effort is making to have polo, for I read in the club last evening a sum mons and an invitation to polo. There are to be races in a short time-racing and steeplechasing. Lawn tennis is an old custom already. There ar books and circulating libraries, and there is always as a sort of framework about you the queer, oldfashioned town, in which you see blended traits of Spanish, French and Biscayan life. There is a casino. where concerts are given, and I am told the concerts are well worth hearing. There is a theatre, in which you have opera and comedy. There is an art society, which promises an exhibition soon, nationalities come here as well as English and American. Her Royal Highness the Princess of Schleswig-Helstein lives here sig Bismarck took that duchy. Here also lives the wife of Marshal St. Arnaud, who commanded the French army in the Crimea; also the Duchess of Montebelle of the family of Marshal Lannes. His Royal Highness the Count de Bari, a member of the Neapolitan courbon family upset by Garibaffii, makes his home in Pau, waiting, like Don Carlos, for the revolution to end and kings to come to their own. There are several Russian, Polish, Brazilian and Portuguese Camil lies and many from Spain and Belgium. The English. however, have the lead, and I presume America omes next. I am told that Mrs. Lincoln, widow of Abraham Lincoln, lives here, but I could find no trace of her. If true, she lives in absolute seclus Among the Americans who may be called old resi dents in Pau I observe Mr. and Mrs. Burroughs, Mr. and Mrs. Connolly, W. Cruger, Mr. and Mrs Evans. Major Hutton and family, Mr. and Mrs H. Kane, Miss Nina King, Mr. Mrs. A. Post, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Post, Mrs. Robins and family, Mr. and Mrs. de Saulies, Dr. and Mrs. Parks. Among those who are here to the season or who are passing through I note the following:-General and Mrs. Grant, W. P. Douglas, Henry Belknap, C. E. Foster, W. H. Hesson, J. G. Hebri, J. B. A. Brouillat, Mr. and Mrs. Cadiz, Mrs. Massey and family, George Bisel, Mr. and Mrs. Biddle, Mr. and Mrs. William Smith Brown, Mrs. Beligard, Dr. and Mrs. Clopton, Mrs. J. L. Edmonds, Miss farriet Foster, Mrs. E. L. Harding, J. B. Lippincott, James E. Lyon, Colonel John McMurray, B. J. Mulligan, Mr. and Mrs. E. Nolan, Mr. and Mrs. James Neilon Potter, Mr. and Mrs. G. Peabody Wetmore, Mr. and Mrs. John Peabody, Mrs. Rowland, Mrs. W. A. Sackett, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Torrance and Miss Torrance, W. K. Thorn, Miss Thayer, Mr. and Mrs. Willard, Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth, Miss J. A. Watker, Thomas Burgess and G. Sherman, Jr.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.

Frederick Pfeiffer, aged twenty-eight, residing at the corner of Cedar and Washington streets, a fireman on the New York Elevated Railroad, was looking out of the window of his engine, vesterday, when his head came in contact with the iron railing at the Fifty-ninth street and Third avenue station.

AMUSEMENTS.

Those who were not present at Steinway Hall last night missed a rare musical treat, though despite

STEINWAY HALL CONCERT-SYMPHONY SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

dverse elements there was a cultured and thronged attendance to hear the third sympnon; the above society, A more delightful programme could not have been arranged, it was evident that the gifted influence of Dr. Leopold Daurosch had not been exerted in vain. It was plain, however, that the absence of Mr. Thomas was not particularly missed, as the orchestration was equal to anything that has been heard in this time-honored place of musical entertainment. It was to be regretted that Herr Wilhelmj was, through illness, pre vented from appearing, but his place well supplied in the presence of Mr. Franz Rummel, whose marvellous performance as a pianis created quite a sensation. His interpretation of Edward Grieg's concerto for a pianoforte, with orchestra, op. 18 (A minor), including three movements, elicited rapturous applause. Beyond question Mr. Rummel is one of the finest artists visiting this country that have interpreted the works of the great composers. His touch, expression and technique fairly took the house by storm. His recall was the signal for uproarious applause. A very agreeable feature of the concert was the appearance of Miss Anna Drassili, who was in excellent voice. She sang an aria from "Nerxes," one of Handel's most tuneful compositions, the result of her effort being a most liberal approbation from a very critical assemblage. Her rentrée was unanimously demanded from all parts of the house, and in response to the hearty demonstrations she sang "The Prayer," by Ferdinand Hiller. Subsequently she rendered "La Captive," not unknown to concert goers, with artistic finish, her fine lower register revealing the beauties of the melody in magnificent form. Miss Drasdil made a great success last night, and it is to be hoped that her appearance in oratorio is not far distant. But, of course, the greatest feature of the concert was the performance by the orchestra of Franz Schubert's unfinished symphony in B minor. This magnificent composition entranced the critical audience, and it is no exaggeration to say that Dr. Daurosch conveyed, as far as lay in his power through his orchestra, the views of the great composer. Nothing more artistic has been heard in Steinway Hall for many a day. It would, indeed, be idle to criticise a performance of such sterling merit. The members of the orchestra did their work nobly, and, with one or two exceptions, no room was left to find fault. Robert Schumann's symphony in C (No. 2) brought the concert to a close, all the movements being executed with precision. Indeed, the Symphony Society of New York ought to be warmly congratulated, for rarely have the walls of Steinway Hall rang with more delightful interpretati created quite a sensation. His interpretation of Edward Grieg's concerto for a pianoforte, with orchestra

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NOTES "Cinderella" and the thoroughbred Kentucky horses are still the attractions at the Aquarium The Lyceum Theatre will be opened to-mor

vening by Rice's Original Evangeline Company. Mme, Teresa Carreno and Signor Tagliapietra turned from their Western concert trip yesterday. At Niblo's Garden to-morrow night Mr. Frank Mayo will make his rentrie in his celebrated character of Davy Crockett.

onse always crowded, a refined entertainmen and a frequent change of programme, are the rule at Tony Pastor's Theatre.

The intense cold of the last two or three days caused a considerable shrinkage in the audiences that attended many of the theatres. The minstrels under the management of Jerry P.

Thomas, at his opera house, on Broadway, are giving a series of good Ethiopian performances. Tom Thumb and the little people have done a fair business during the past week at the Masonic Tem-

ple. The General has seidom looked better. Harrigan and Hart have withdrawn "Christma Joys and Sorrows" from the boards of the Theatre Comique to make place for fresh attractions.

"Babes in the Wood," now being performed at the Park Theatre, will probably be followed by "Robinson Crusoe." A new feature at this theatre is that children are admitted at half price.

Mr. Joe Jefferson will continue to play "Rip Van Winkle" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, unless the re-cent legal complications result in the closing of the house. It is said, however, that this is not probable The Criterion Comedy Company, under the management of Mr. F. F. Mackay, played in Rochester last night. "The Oddities," by Mr. Stanley McKenna will shortly be produced in New York by this com

pany. "The Banker's Daughter," at the Union Square Theatre, enters on its thirty-ninth performance to-morrow night. It has thus far been one of the most popular and satisfactory plays that has been pro duced at this theatre.

"Her Majesty's Ship Pinafore," the new co opera by Arthur Suilivan, is to be rendered this week at the Broad Street Theatre, Philadelphia, by a company especially selected by Messrs. Ford & Zim managers of the theatre.

At the Globe Theatre "Only a Farmer's Daughter" has been withdrawn, to make way for what chief," in which Misses Bertha and Ida Fay will appear. It will be produced to-morrow night.

At the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, a new play is to be produced on Monday night, for the first time on any stage. It is announced as a drama from the French of Emile Gaboriau, and is entitled Within an Inch of His Life." The name of the translator or adapter is not given.

Mr. W. L. Fleming, having finished "Ingomar the Barbarian" at the Olympic Theatre, will next week introduce the Count Joannes, when the public will doubtless be treated to another series of ridiculous demonstrations similar to those which disgraced his former appearance at the Lyceum.

Mr. Herman Linde begins his season of Shaker pearian impersonations at Steinway Hall, on Wednesday night. Mr. Linde has won the most flattering encomiums from the critics in all the cities in which he has appeared. His rendition of "Macbeth," on Wednesday, will be awaited with great interest.

Mr. Dion Boucleault, as Conn, the Shaughra has again met with extraordinary success at th Grand Opera House. He has drawn some of the largest houses of the season. The engagement lasts se eral weeks longer, for which he receives from Messrs Poole & Donnelly the handsome sum of \$24,000. Mr. Ben Macauley, as Uncle Dan'l, has met a fair

oncess at the Broadway Theatre. The play, how ever, has entered upon its last nights. On the 13th W. D. Dalziel's adaptation of "Les Fouchambault" will be produced, with the Lingards and a special cast. The play is said to have been much improved After an unusually long and successful run "Almost a Life" was withdrawn from the Standard Theatre yesterday evening, and will be succeeded to-m "M'liss: or, the Mountain Wait." Bret Harte' idyllie play of the Sierras. Miss Katie Maybow will take the title role. It is said that the cast will be

"At Last," now being performed at Wallack's, com Messrs, Lester Wallack, C. F. Cogblan, W. F. Floyd Charles Rockwell, J. W. Shannou, Miss Rose Cogh lan, Miss Effic Germon and Miss Stella Bonifac The scenic illustrations are very beautiful and the play runs with great smoothness.

The series of chamber concerts by the New York Philharmonic Club, will open at Chickering Hall on Tuesday next. The managers have adopted a novel plan of selling a subscription at \$8, which entitles the subscriber to twenty tickets to the concerts. The soloists at the first concert are Miss Anna Drasdil and Mrs. William G. Morgan, pianiste.

The San Francisco Minstrels always manage to get s many people into their pretty little theatre as it can comfortably hold. The performances of Birch and Backus are among the most amusing of their kind, and the songs of Wambold and other members of the company, both sentimental and comic, are among the best of their kind in the country.

"Thre Familie," with Miss Helene Kuhse, the new and sprightly soubrette in the leading rôle, has been quite a success at the Germania Theatre during the past week, and had to be withdrawn to make room for other novelties. To-morrow and Tuesday even ing will be produced the sterling comedy "Er Muss Ant's Land." On Wednesday evening, for the benefit of Mr. Corried, stage manager and regisseur, and dur ing the balance of the week the new comedy of "Freund Fritz" will be performed. The cast for this play embraces the full strength of the company.

A programme of unusual merit will be presented at the Grand Opera House to-night. Mile, Ilma de Muraka will be the central figure of a brilliant sur rounding; Signor Ferranti, the renowned buffo singer, will make his first appearance since his return from Europe; Levy will endeavor to win his share of

the honors: Miss Henrietta Markstein will show her ability as a pianist, and Gilmore's Band will intro-duce some new and also familiar selections. The access of these concerts is due to the fact that the best available talent, and plenty of it, is presented to the public at popular prices. Those who love beautiful music, rendered in the most artistic manner,

should go to the Grand Opera House to-night. The operatic concert of the Nautilus Bost Club which is announced to take place at Steinway Hall, on Tuesday evening, will be the grandest affair of the kind that has occurred in this city for many year It is rarely the case that such an array of di tinguished artists are heard in one concert as are represented by the names of Professor Neuendorff, the leader of the Philharmonic Society; Edouard Remenyi, Mile. Ilma de Murska, Franz Rummell Miss Sallie Reber, Arbuckle, Mlle. Selvi, S. B. Mills, Christian Fritsch, W. F. Mills, Enrico Campobello and Professors John Hills, Dulcken and Charles E. Pratt, together with a grand orchestra. The programme embraces selections from the music of Hungary, Germany, Italy, France, England, Ireland, Scotland and America, and it will be a treat to hear these gems performed by such a galaxy of talent.

The grand Italian opera, under the direction of Max Strakosch, opens to morrow night at Beoth's The-atre, when "Aida" will be produced, and Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, Miss Annie Louise Cary, Mr. Charles Adams, Signor Pantaleoni, Mr. George Conly and Mr. Gottschalk will appear, together with a grand or chestra and chorns of 100 ortists. The ballet will be led by the Minzelli Sisters. Much curiosity favorites whose names have been so long identified with the operatic enterprises of Mr. Strakosch. The advent of Mile. Litta, the new prima donna, is also anticipated with not a little curiosity, owing to the fine reputation she has brought with her from Europe, and more recently from the Western cities. She will make her début on Tuesday in Lucia. Mile Giulia Marco, the new American prima donna, i one of the very few among the Americans who have received a musical education in Italy and scored a Julia Parker, the daughter of Joseph Parker, a come dian of high repute, she made her debut at the early age of four years, with Forrest, as the Duke of York, subsequently holding a high position in the theatre until she left for Italy for the purpose of cultivating her natural musical ability. After a cours of study under the best masters she made her debut in Malta, at the Theatre Manoel, where Parepa and Albani also made their first appearance and accomplished their first successes, and where she achieved such a success that she was engaged for the season, after which she went to Naples, where she studied with the distinguished maestro, de Bas sini, and his no less distinguished wife, Mmc. Gabusi Under their direction she sang at the San Carlos Opera House, Naples, the maestri, the public and the press awarding her the highest honors. After re-maining abroad four years she returned to America and was immediately secured by Max Strakosch for his coming opera season at Booth's Theatre, where she will make her debut in "Traviata" on the 14th of

THE DRAWING ROOM THEATRE.

DARK SEANCE WITHOUT ACTORS-THE LAST ACT IN MISS MINNIE CUMMINGS' THEATRICAL FIASCO.

Yesterday morning the HERALD's advertising colarms contained a brief but glowing announcement of the "grand reopening" of Miss Minnie Cummings' Drawing Room Theatre, with the new French opera company. The attractions were to be There were to be "no more disappointrivalled." ments" and "no more injunctions." Altogether th laconic and suggestive advertisement of the man-ageress was bright with good promise; but the promise of this specious pronuncia proved the be all and the end all of the whole affair. The hour announced for the opening of the performance came, and with it a small number of would-be patrons. These, however, got no further than the box office, where the cheerful information awaited them that the company had not put in an appearance and that no performance would take place.

appearance and that no performance would take place.

It was found upon investigation that on Friday afternoon the manager of the French Opera Company, in a stormy altereation with Miss Cunnings, denounced that enterprising lady in terms that savored of strength more than of godliness as a fraud, and emphatically refused to allow the company to appear, claiming that the performance had not been adequately alvertised. He was as good as his word, and not a member of the company appeared last night upon the stage of the Drawing Room Theatre, which, thus far, has proved but a sorry draw. But even had the managerial French Barkis been "willin"," a performance would have been out of the question, for a soulless gas corporation on Friday obdurately turned a deaf ear to Miss Cummings' New Year promises, which it claimed were under the circumstances at this time, and sternly declined to be trifled with in 1879 as it had been tricked in "78.

Miss Cummings, it seems, had been over prodigal tricked in "78.

Miss Cummings, it seems, had been over prodigal in her, consumption of the illuminating material, having burned it day and night for want of any other heating facilities for the house, and aithough the balance due the corporation was but \$21, she seems to have been unable to raise this modest sum. The gas was consequently shut off in the summary manner customary in such exigencies, and as Miss Cummings herself was announced as sick last night, it is difficult to understand her purpose in ordering the theatre, opened for a dark searce, unless, indeed, she hoped to successfully invoke the shade of the lamented Heller in his former abiding place. The statement made yesterday in the Heraldo of Miss Cummings' troubles on account of non-payment of rent by Hermann, the magician, only in part explains the cold in which she is involved; for, as will be seen from the facts above stated, aside from this matter of the rent, the gas bill, a comparatively insignificant amount, had not been paid. The whole difficulty probably lies in the ill advised ambition of Miss Cummings to figure as a dramatic celebrity. She is not the first amateur actress who has essayed to risefrom the bottom to the excess of her temerity, beyond her fellow aiventurers. It is not likely that she will at present find another Fertunatus like Mr. Louis Parme to pay her rent and expenses for two weeks; and, should she do so, it is not probable that the interest of the public in any similar enterprise upon her part will be extravagant. The tuture fate of the beautiful little theatre that is associated with Miss Cummings diasco is, it is understood, as yet undetermined. It is rumored, however, that Mr. Jacob Goschi, the veteran manager of the Theodore Thomas orchestra and now the manager of the Theodore Thomas orchestra and now the manager of the Theodore Thomas orchestra and now the manager of the Theodore Thomas orchestra and now the manager of the Theodore Thomas orchestra and now the manager of the Theodore Thomas orchestra and now the

THEATRICAL TROUBLES.

THE SPECTACULAR PLAY "BABA"-DUAL INJUNC

TION PROCEEDINGS. In the Supreme Court a suit has been menced by Andrew J. Back, William E. Bien and Jane Deverna against John A. Mack, Ben son Sherwood and William E. Deverna for an injunction, restraining the defendants from interfering with proposed presentation at the Bowery Theatre of the spectacular drama "Baba." Mr. Back alleges in his adidayit that he and the other plaintiffs are part ners, and have already spent about \$2,000 in preparing to put the play on the stage. In March, 1876, W. verna and J. D. Marson originally copyrighted the verna and J. D. Marson originally copyrighted the play, the latter being the author, and shortly afterward another copyright was issued to the defendants. The plaintiffs in December last obtained from the original copyrighters the privilege of producing "Baba" in this city for six weeks, and subsequently, as further alleged, Back, on behalf of the plaintiffs, obtained from W. E. Deverna the right also to play the piece for six weeks, he being one of the parties in both copyrights. Messrs, Mack & Sherwood now threaten to enjoin the plaintiffs from producing the play and to hold the injunction back until eight oclock tomorrow evening, at which time the play is underlined for presentation at the Bowery Theatre. After reading over the papers Judge Donohue granted an injunction restraining the defendants from interfering with the production of the play before or on tomorrow night.

ANNA E. DICKINSON'S AIMS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD :-

So many people want to know what Anna Dickin-son purposes doing, and so many unauthorized and contradictory reports have been put in circulation. that I must beg space in your paper to give a general answer, and to do it over my own name. That I have not been at work for the last year is solely the consequence of ill health. I propose (in answer to consequence of ill health. I propose (in answer to almost innumerable requests) to talk about the platform and the stage from the platform, and, later in the season, to do what I can upon the stage in a new piece of my own writing, and in an emagement already made. May I add that a hope my old triends will be half as glad-to see me as I shall be to meet them, and that I wish one and all a happy New Year?

ANNA E. DICKINSON.

Philadelphia, Jan. 2, 1879.

A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.

A Husband Murders His Wife While She Sleeps.

CUTS HIS OWN THROAT.

Sad Scenes in the Little Attleboro Household.

CAUSE OF THE BLOODSHED.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD.] ATTLEBORO, Mass., Jan. 4, 1879.

At one o'clock this morning the people residing near the centre of this town were startled by shricks and cries of murder uttered by a female. This woman proved to be the mother of one Gardner C. Tingley, a jeweller, who lived with his wife and three chil dren, aged respectively eight, six and three years. The first persons who rushed into the street at the sound of the alarm were told by Mrs. Tingley that her son had arisen in the night, while she was absent, grasped a razor and assaulted his wife in a most brutal and fiendish manner. The poor woman had been rudely sleep which knows no waking. When the horror-stricken neighbors reached the house a ghastly picture met their gaze. Mrs. Tingley lay on her bed, a corpse, surrounded by pools of warm blood. Her throat had been cut. The carotid arteries were severed, and the wall, several feet distant, was splashed with blood which had spurted from the throat. To add to the horror the little child by her side was sprinkled with its mother's blood and was screaming and cuddling up to the lifeless body. There was no evidence that the poor woman had suffered much after the fatal gash had been made: her countenance wore a serene look. and were it not for the terrible surroundings it would be difficult to think she had died any other than a peaceful natural death.

THE MURDERER CUTS HIS OWN THROAT. Not far from the blood bespattered bed, upon the loor, lay the murderer, also covered with blood and apparently struggling in the agonies of death. It was evident at a hasty glance that after killing his wife he had drawn the blood stained weapon across his own throat, making a wide gash and a deep incision into the traches, but failing to reach the carotid arteries. He breathed with difficulty, the blood and air rushing from his wounds. He had also hacked his arms in several places in attempts to reach the arteries, and had drawn his weapon a number of times across his abdomen. making bad wounds, from all of which the blood was flowing. Physicians were quickly summoned Medical Examiner Bronson was notified. The wounds of Tingley were stanched, but the loss of blood was so great that but slight hopes of his recovery were entertained. As the morning advanced crowds of excited villagers poured in from all points, and the house was soon surrounded by a dense throng of people. The police took charge of the premises and kept the people back, so that the doctors had plenty of chance to apply their skill to the wretched man, CAUSE OF THE TRAGEDY.

Speculation was lively among the neighbors as to the cause of the tragedy. L. M. Stanley, who was one of the first to arrive, found a trustee writ dated August. On the back was written the following:-This is what caused my death. G. C. TINGLEY. Everett Capron and G. M. Horton pressing me for money G. C. TINGLEY.

It was well understood that Tingley was in straitened circumstances. He was out of employment, Although his family enjoyed the ordinary comforts of people in his station in life there is little doubt that he was rendered insane by his embarrassments. and it is a fact that insanity has been noticed in other members of his family. He once had a brother in the Taunton Insane Asylum who had lost his reason that his wife would, if she had been allowed to live, in a short time have presented him with an addition to his little family, and it is surmised that the pros pect of an increase of his expenses during the hard times may have worked on the mind of Tingley and added to his madness. To her prompt flight to give the alarm the old lady attributes the saving of her life. It is considered strange that the maniac did not kill the child, but doubtless the screams of the women in the street for help compelled him to hasten matters and try to kill himself before he could TINGLEY'S RECENT MOVEMENTS.

Yesterday Tingley took the train, and with his little how went to North Attleboro, and from there went for his mother, who lives at Wrentham. He was then apparently cheerful and happy. He spent last evening at a neighbor's, and it is said in most of his conversation he dwelf upon his being poor, without work, with his wife sick and three look out for, and that he had just had his wages trusteed, all of which seemed to have a depressing effect upon him. He returned home, however, apparently cheerful. Charles A. Pond was the first man who entered the house with the murderer's mother. He states that he saw the wife lying upon the floor, with her throat cut and her head toward the door, dead. The murderer lay at right angles, with his head on his wife's body and a razor in his left hand. Blood was flowing from his wound. and it was thought that he was A three-year-old child was upon the bed cry-ing. She was upon her hands and knees bending over and looking at her parents. Pend first picked up the child. It was unburt. He gave it to he neighbors, who carried it away. In a few minutes the murderer opened his eyes. Seeing Pond he clutched the razor defiantly, kicked the door and attempted to cut himself. The razor was taken from

Medical Examiner Bronson Nelson, who was promptly summoned by the officer, makes the following statement:-When I arrived I was told that everything was just as the neighbors had found it. with the exception of the removal of the razor and a different position taken by the murderer. Mrs Tingley was lying face downward upon the floor with nothing on but her chemise. Tingley, who, as I approached, warded me off by a motion of his arm, upon his back, with his shoulders resting upon the upper part of the body of his wife. I called help and placed him upon a bed. Examined his wife and found a ghastly cut in her throat which had stopped bleeding and which must have caused her death al most instantly. Her body was still warm, There was a cut five inches in length upon the left side of Tingley's throat, which had laid open the windpipe, but had not touched the jugular vein or arteries. There was also a cut about two inches long on the right side, but the latter was not serious. The cut in the windpipe caused him to breathe through the mouth instead of his nostrils until I sewed it up. Unless inflamation sets in he may live. He had also made several cuts upon his abdomen with the razor, which he must have done previous to cutting his throat, because after that he was too weak to do so. He was not drunk when he committed the deed, and whether he was crazy or not is an open question. He appeared to be sand enough when talking to me. I asked him if he cut his wife's throat, and he answered "Yes," and also said that he was sorry for it. When I got there his child, about three years old, was out on the piazza, crying. Another, about six years of age, was up stairs

Timeley is a native of Cumberland, R. I. Some of the neighbors say he was a hard drinker and that his family had to be taken care of frequently by the neighbors. An inquest will be held to-morrow, and probably also an autopsy will be made on the body of Mrs. Tingley.

A SALOON ROBBED.

Lawrence Dowling, a tinsmith, who save he resides at No. 81 Norfolk street, was arraigned before Judge Kilbreth, at the Essex Market Police Court, yester day, charged with having on New Year's night forcibly entered the saloon at No. 134 Delancey street, kept by William C. Oesling, and carried off the day's receipts from the money drawer. He admitted his guilt when arrested by Detective Johnson. The magistrate committed him in default of \$1,000.